



THE NATIONAL PREACHER.

Third Series.]

NOVEMBER, 1862.

Vol. I.—No. 11.]

SERMON XXII.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RADICALISM AND THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

"AND now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire."—MATT. 3: 10.

To place the axe at the root of the tree is a figure to denote that the tree is to be cut down at the roots; not simply trimmed, but actually destroyed. The reason is found in the fact that it does not bring forth good fruit.

By the use of this figure John the Baptist meant to say to the Jews that, as a people, they had fallen upon searching times. The great Teacher and Reformer was about to come, establishing a kingdom of justice and truth. It would no longer do for them to say: "We have Abraham to our father." Principles and conduct were to be examined to their very foundations. Judaism was to be sifted; and whatever, in the notions or practice of the people, could not stand the test of truth, was to be discarded. In the person of Jesus a *radical* dispensation—a ministry of truth that goes down

to the very *roots* of things—was about to commence its reformatory career. Such we take to be the meaning of the text in its application to the Jewish people.

There are many people in whose minds the terms *radical* and *radicalism*, are about equivalent to the terms *fanatic* and *fanaticism*. To their understanding these words mean *evil*, and only evil, and that continually. Hence they are convenient terms with which to excite the prejudices of men, and awaken popular odium. Sometimes they are used as a substitute for ideas, and quite often as the *slang* phrases of those who have some interest in promoting error, or practicing iniquity. I have no desire to make a plea for extremists and fools; yet there is a grand and glorious meaning connected with these much-abused terms, which I wish, if possible, to rescue from all misapprehensions and evil associations. I very much doubt whether it is best to be frightened simply because somebody cries out *radical*; and I am equally clear that the term *conservative* has no natural right to monopolize the claim to either purity or wisdom. The so-called conservatives are sometimes the weakest and most selfish of men. The Pope of Rome has always been a conservative; and so were the Pharisees in the days of Jesus.

Prosecuting the object I have just indicated, let me then,

IN THE FIRST PLACE, GIVE YOU A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE WORDS IN QUESTION. The true meaning of the term *radical*—the one which its etymology authorizes—is furnished by the figure of the text. It simply means to lay the axe at the *root* of the tree; and this means to go down to the bottom of things, and keep going down till you strike what may be properly designated as the *hard-pan* of fundamental truth. This is what John the Baptist did, what Jesus did, what the apostles did, what Luther did, and what all agency that is effectually curative of evil must always do.

The specific *design* of this process is to find the truth touching the matter involved, and then set it forth in contrast with, and contradistinction from, the error or the vice which it is the province of truth to expose and rebuke. Hence the great inquiry is not, what do the Pharisees think, or what does Cæsar think, but rather what is truth,—truth in science, truth in practical life, truth in morals, and truth in religion? Such in all ages has been the professed aim of the radical spirit. I am well aware that the history of this spirit has not always been equal to its profession. Sometimes it has been rash, impetuous, impatient, intolerant, dictatorial; sometimes, also, it has torn up the very foundations of society, being so vehement and lawless as utterly to fail of its own end; and yet it is equally true that this spirit proposes to realize one of the grandest theories that ever inspired the breast of humanity. Fixing its eye on truth, it designs to assert it fearlessly and boldly, launching its sharp and oft-repeated thunders against sin and error. Not infrequently, yea, perhaps, generally, it makes a

commotion in the world. It stirs human society, and sets men to thinking. It is itself a very thinking spirit.

In relation to *humanity*—its facts, its conditions, its wants, its duties, and its destiny,—this spirit is the bone and sinew, the life and impulse of all real *progress*, alike in the Church and the State. The truth is, since the fall of Adam this world has never been just right; it is not so now; and it will not be for some time to come. There is a vast accumulation of error among men, and also a vast accumulation of iniquity in various forms pervading human society. Human nature wants improvement. Society wants it. Hence the practical question is this:—Shall we leave things as they *are*, because they *are*? or shall we attempt to make them better, rooting out the error and the wrong, and introducing the truth and the right? This is the question with which we have to deal; and to it the radical spirit always returns but one answer. It clamors for correction, improvement, and progress. It is, indeed, the spirit of progress. The enlightened radical is the man of progress. The fact that things *are*, is not, in his judgment, conclusive proof that they *ought* to be. He takes the liberty of inquiring into their nature, and when he has reached a conclusion, he frankly and firmly tells the world of it. Galileo, for example, was an astronomical radical; he saw that, contrary to the notions of the age, the earth moved around the sun, and not the sun around the earth. By a perfectly radical investigation of the facts, he caught this truth; and although it subverted the cycles and epicycles of the old theory, although the Pope took the alarm and tried to keep him still, Galileo held fast to his conviction, and, so far as he could, made it known to others. He was the man of progress, and the world now recognizes him as such. Those who would exorcise the Galileos in science, morals, and religion, are practically the enemies of all progress. They may not always intend this; yet this is the legitimate effect of their theory.

Such, in a word, is my analysis of the radical spirit, taken,—first, in its elementary meaning,—secondly, in its direct and specific aim,—thirdly, in its relation to the progress and development of man from an imperfect to a more perfect form of life. This is what I mean by the phrase. This I hold to be the true and proper import of the phrase. I come, then,—

IN THE SECOND PLACE, TO INQUIRE INTO THE ACTUAL HISTORY OF THIS SPIRIT IN ITS BEARING UPON THE INTELLECTUAL, SOCIAL, POLITICAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS FORTUNES OF THE WORLD. This, as you see, is a question of vast dimensions. The answer that I propose for your acceptance, with its reasons, is the following:—That while this spirit has sometimes by misapprehension, and sometimes by excess, been productive of evil, its *general* history is one of untold blessings to mankind.

If you turn your thoughts to the field of purely *scientific* re-

search, you will find that the men who have distinguished themselves on this field, and contributed most largely to the advancement of human knowledge, are not the men who have trodden the beaten track of their fathers, governed by the precedents of opinion, and content to retail old ideas, but the bold, the fearless, the original, the radical investigators of truth. These are the men who have made their mark on the thinking of the world. Lord Bacon, in laying down the fundamental principles which should govern all investigation, and by those principles exposing the sophistries practiced by the schoolmen of the dark ages;—Sir Isaac Newton, in that profound inquiry after truth by which he at length discovered the great law that gives regularity and harmony to the motion of the heavenly bodies;—Dr. Franklin, in catching the lightnings of heaven with a key, and resolving their phenomena into an electrical agency;—our own illustrious Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, in conceiving both the idea and the mechanism by which he could give a tongue to this agency;—John Locke, in his deep exploration of the origin of knowledge, correcting many of the cherished errors of former times:—these, and men of like stamp, were intellectual radicalists, going to the bottom of things, advancing beyond the ideas which had preceded them, and cutting for themselves and for the world *new* channels in the great domain of thought. Plato did this in his age, and Aristotle in his age. Such men refuse to bow to the authority of mere precedents. Assuming that ideas must at last rule the world, they not only drive the plowshare of truth into the errors of the past, but also greatly enlarge the kingdom of human ideas. True, they may sometimes go astray; they may delude themselves and mislead others; yet to this class of men the world is mainly indebted for those sciences that have conferred such exalted honors on our nature, as well as those arts and inventions which have done so much to improve the condition of mankind. But for their life and mental activity, the intellectual status of earth would be stationary, perhaps retrogressive.

Passing out of the circle of pure science into the sphere of *reformatory* movements, we find that the progress of the world is largely due to the same style of agency. A reform supposes an evil existing in human society, intrenched in some fundamental error of thought, or fortified by some vicious feeling, or,—what is generally the fact,—supported by both of these causes in combination. Now, in the very nature of things, a reformer must attack this evil; he must make an exhibition of its nature; he must reason about it; he must try it by some standard of truth; he must make an appeal to the conscience of men; and in doing this, he must of necessity lay the axe at the root of the tree. He proposes a fundamental change in the notions and practice of men; and this can be gained only by truth as fundamental as the

change itself. The truth must be as deep as the error—deep enough, at least, to go to the bottom of the error. Take an example :

The immortal Wilberforce, being impressed with the horrible iniquities of the slave-trade, as tolerated and fostered under the prestige and patronage of the British government, exposed it and denounced it in the English Parliament and before the British public, till the moral sense of the nation awoke to the enormity of the system, and sternly demanded that it should come to an end. The merchants of Liverpool and the merchants of London, the men who were interested in this infamous traffic, denounced Wilberforce as a radical, a fanatic, an agitator ; like the men of Ephesus, when their craft was in danger, they cried out : "Great is Diana of the Ephesians !" Even Pitt, contrary to his personal pledges, had not the moral courage to breast the storm and do his duty ; yet Wilberforce, the radical, the man whom all honest men now delight to honor, held steadily to his purpose till he carried his point. He kept the ear of England tingling with the terrible wickedness of the slave-trade, till England's conscience could no longer bear the sound. England now makes that piracy punishable with death, on which she once bestowed her sanction. It was the radical spirit of Wilberforce that brought about this result.

So, all the reformatory movements which have marked the history of England, or that of this country, and I may add that of the world, have sprung from the same spirit, and been conducted by the same class of men. Who are the men that have resisted the assumptions of despotic power,—curtailed the prerogatives of kings,—made the monarchies of Europe far more liberal and just than they were a century ago,—contended for the doctrine of popular rights,—sympathized with the suffering, the oppressed, and the down-trodden of our species,—contributed to the emancipation and dignity of labor,—enlarged the right of suffrage,—pleaded most earnestly for the education of the masses,—poured forth their blood like water upon the altars of freedom ;—yes, who are the men that have done these things ? Who projected the American Revolution ? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence, than which a more radical document never met the eye of earth or heaven ? Who supported it with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor ? To whom are we indebted for the political and civil system under which we have so long, and until lately, so happily lived ? The plain and honest voice of history will tell you, that these achievements are mainly due to those men who have acted on the principle of laying the axe at the root of the tree, and then cutting down every tree that did not bring forth good fruit. Sometimes called Roundheads, sometimes Puritans, sometimes disorganizers, sometimes agitators, sometimes radicals, sometimes fanatics, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, they have neverthe-

less been the most prominent actors in promoting the advancement of humanity, correcting its abuses, and in all respects improving the social and political condition of our world. For a rule, they are earnest and honest men, having strong convictions and deep feelings, not, indeed, always right in their ideas, or prudent in their measures; yet men of vast power, men whose absence from earth would make a chasm which nothing else could fill. They have done too much for the good of the world to be branded with opprobrious epithets.

Rising now to a still higher plane of thought, and observing the *spiritual* and *religious* history of mankind, we meet the same class of facts springing from essentially the same source. When the Man of Sin had for ages spread the pall of moral death over all Europe, corrupting the very fountains of society, and prostituting the pure religion of Jesus to the vilest purposes, who was it that lifted his voice in thunder-tones against this enormous and widespread iniquity? Who laid the axe at the root of the tree? Luther—the bold, the honest, the earnest, the godly, the radical Luther, going to the bottom of things, and bringing doctrines and morals to the test of God's word,—is the man who, under God, did this work. Who, during the long night of the dark ages, refused to bow the knee to the Pope, and in their humble way maintained the pure worship of God amid their mountain-homes, persecuted but not destroyed? The radical Albigenes and Waldenses are the men on whom history has placed this mark of honor. Who were the martyrs in the early ages of the Church, boldly meeting the storm of Pagan persecution, and cheerfully dying in the cause of their Master? They were the men whose religious convictions neither earth nor hell could suppress or conquer. Who first planted Christianity among men, turning the world upside down, and laying the axe at the very roots of Pagan Rome and a corrupt Judaism? Who made such a stir in Judea and in various parts of the Roman Empire some eighteen centuries ago? This was the work of Jesus and his apostles, than whom, considered in reference to the existing status of the age, greater radicalists the world never furnished. Who, when he mounted the throne of Judea, cut down the idolatrous groves, and purified the temple and worship of the living God? This was the work of Josiah, a young and pious prince, who meant to make the remedy as deep and broad as the disease. *

Coming nearer to our own times, who, let me ask, were the Dissenters and Puritans in England? Who fled from the old world and came to this, for the purpose of enjoying their religious rights? Who are the men that floated in the Mayflower, and in the depths of winter landed at Plymouth Rock? Who planted the Church, and the School-house, and the State on these western shores? The same men, as to their spirit and temper, that in the

armies of Oliver Cromwell sung psalms and made prayers, and then fought for God and liberty as no other men ever did. They were radicalists, hated by the English aristocracy, persecuted for their faith, yet fulfilling a mission in the history of the world which one must be blind not to see. Their power consisted in the thoroughness and depth of their principles. They belong to the class whom kings and politicians sometimes disdain, and as often fear. They are the men who have a gospel, and they believe it. Their brains are not too narrow to comprehend fundamental principles.

Who stirred up all New-England, some century ago, purifying its theological atmosphere, and showing the unscriptural character of what has been styled the "Half-way Covenant," in respect to the question of Church-membership, reasoning with the people of his special charge, and reasoning with the ministry, and choosing to forfeit the good esteem of his people rather than sacrifice the truth? The man who faced opposition, and, under God, accomplished this task, is Jonathan Edwards,—that illustrious prince in theology, that profoundest of thinkers, as well as that most beautiful exhibition of the Christian virtues; and he did the work by laying the axe at the root of the tree. Who, by deep and earnest discussion, struck such heavy blows against the Unitarian heresy, so prevalent and so popular in New-England some half a century ago? Moses Stuart and the venerable Dr. Woods,—both of whom, I trust, are now reaping the heavenly reward of their labors,—buckled on the armor of God, and contended earnestly for the faith. They, too, laid the axe at the root of the tree.

You thus see, without further recital, that the radical spirit in science, in the reformatory movements of earth, and the religious developments of man, so far from being justly obnoxious to our suspicion or censure, is really worthy of all praise. It is one of the elements in human character by which the mighty God makes his power felt on earth. It is one of the chosen instruments of Providence to bless and save this fallen world. The most effective men of our race have been actuated by this spirit. Such men do quite as much thinking as other men, and vastly more than some. Very often they win victories, over which, being won, the conservatives are ready to shout in terms of the highest laudation. Doubtless, there are many who glorify Luther to-day, who, if living in the sixteenth century, would have passed him by as a radical. Some people are very bold in killing *dead* lions; but no motive can persuade them to touch a living question till all doubt about the issue is removed. Then their courage comes up to the mark. You can never find them when you want them; and when you do *not* want them, they are quite ready to help on the good cause. They are too conservative to peril any thing. Their consciences are too elastic to have much force.

I really wonder what those newspapers, and those orators, and

those office-seekers can be thinking about who denounce the radical spirit as if it were the quintessence of all evil. Are they playing with words? Are they trying to deceive the people? Do they understand what they so freely denounce? Are they honest? Have they read history? I take the liberty of saying to them that the facts do not justify the opprobrium they design. The word *radical*, analytically and historically expounded, is a *royal* term. In reference to the momentous questions of the Revolutionary age, George Washington was a radical, Thomas Jefferson another, John Hancock another, and John Adams another. They lived in a radical age, and were as radical as the age. They were the men of the future, while the Tories in this country and George III. in England were the conservatives, the men of the present.

I come now, my brethren, to what I had in view in the commencement of this sermon, and what the preceding remarks must have suggested.

IN THE THIRD PLACE, TO MAKE AN APPLICATION OF THESE THOUGHTS TO THE AFFAIRS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY AT THE PRESENT MOMENT. I am not here to preach *politics* in the low, party sense of this term. I never did this in the pulpit, and I think I never shall. Nor am I here to make any apology for my utterances. I have but one rule in preaching, and that is, to speak what I think, leaving the people to judge for themselves.

The times, in my judgment, imperatively demand that the Christian pulpit should have a distinct and clear ring. It is no hour for God's servants to hide themselves, and practice ambiguities for the sake of being unintelligible. The tremendous and appalling drama of events which divine Providence is now enacting in this land, should bring every man to the altar of prayer, and then carry him from that altar to discharge the duties he owes to God, his country, to posterity, and the world. What is now the great *American* question, has sent its thrill over all Europe. It will, either for weal or woe, cast its shadows on the path of coming centuries. With a single exception, it is more radical and more fundamental, and involves larger interests, than any other upon which mortals or immortals ever fixed the gaze of thought. God, I believe, is in this question. "There is a divine *reason* in it. There is a divine *justice* in it;" and we may be sure that there is a divine *purpose* to be answered by it. Providence is in the crisis of the hour.

As I survey the matter, there are three *radical* principles crowded by the God of Providence upon this nation, and demanding our solution. The first is one of *national life*; the second is one of *moral justice*; and the third is one of an enlarged and generous *Christian philanthropy*. On each of these points I wish to say a word, beginning,

First, with the question of national life. It would be folly either

to underrate or misunderstand our foe. He means to destroy this noble Union of States. His plan, if successful, is perfectly fatal. Secession is the theory, but destruction is the end. Rebellion and fighting, robbery and pillage, are the means of this gigantic crime against the Constitution and peace of our common country.

What have we to do in such premises? Shall we talk about peace-measures and compromise-measures in the presence of an armed rebellion? Shall we call those our political brethren who are our public enemies, who are traitors to the Constitution, and who are putting the knife to the very throat of our national existence? Shall we chatter about the constitutional rights of traitors? Shall we, by party strife, and for party purposes, seek to foment discord in our own ranks? No—*never*—NEVER. Our duty is to put down this rebellion, to crush it absolutely, using all the means which God and nature have placed in our hands for this purpose. Our duty is to blast and brand with eternal infamy the theory of secession, and prove to the world that this Union “is a *government* in the highest sense of the term, the enforcement of whose laws, at whatever cost, is a fundamental article of its creed—just as fundamental as liberty itself.” This we must do, or die as a nation. I hence regard this war for the Union as an imperative necessity. I regard it as a *holy* war. The sword was never drawn in a more sacred cause, and should never be returned to its scabbard till the end is gained. What shall be done with the rebels when they are conquered, is an *after*-question. Let us first conquer them. Let us beat them on the battle-field, as we can do, and I believe we will do, dispersing their armies and bringing them to absolute submission. This, I know, is a very radical measure. The land groans under the tread of contending legions; blood flows, and families weep; yet, in the circumstances of our position, no other measure meets the case. No other measure will give the death-blow to the wicked theory of secession. No other measure will preserve the integrity, the dignity, and glory of this Government. No other measure will prove that we are what we claim to be—a NATION. No other measure will settle this controversy upon a lasting basis. We must conquer the rebels, or be conquered by them. We must lay the military axe at the root of the tree with an earnestness and decision that leave no doubt as to our purpose.

The second point is one of moral justice. We have practiced a great iniquity in this land. We have continued to practice it year after year, and generation after generation. In the bosom of the freest government on which the sun ever shone, we have the institution of human slavery. We have tolerated it, fostered it, legislated for it, bought territory for its extension, till it has grown to its present fearful and appalling dimensions. Not a few in this country have gone so far as to call it *right*. And not a few who think it *wrong*, have desired to say but little about it. The South-

ern people, by one of the most extraordinary apostasies in morals to be found in the history of man, and contrary to the faith of their fathers, have canonized the institution of slavery.

Moreover, that slavery is the cause of this rebellion, the great root and ground of our present troubles, is as plain as the sun in the heavens. The chief watchwords of the rebellion have been the *sanctity* and *perpetuity* of slavery. The leaders have hung out the flag of slavery. They have declared it to be the chief corner-stone of a political edifice, that is to be built on the eternal wretchedness of an oppressed and subjugated race. When they discovered by the census of 1860, as well as by the last Presidential election, that the political power of this country was passing into the hands of freemen, and out of the hands of slaveholders, and that they were to be no longer the ruling power in the National Government, then, according to the programme of Mr. Calhoun, of more than thirty years' standing, they rent the contract by which they had hitherto been bound. The whole meaning of this civil war, so far as the South is concerned, is the preponderance of slavery, and of the oligarchy which is founded upon this institution. Slavery, for its own dire purposes, has decreed that the nation shall die. There is no use in blinking this point, or misunderstanding it. Public opinion, the common-sense of men, and the philosophy of the facts, as well as the confessions of the rebels themselves, are not, and can not be in error on this point. Back of all other causes lies the slave-power as the chief cause of this rebellion. And but for it, no such diabolical scheme would have ever been conceived, or if conceived, attempted.

What, then, we inquire, are the signs of the times, as written upon the sky of God's providence? We have all been hoping, and even predicting, that this rebellion would prove the death-knell of slavery,—just *how* and *when* we have not been able to see. Had the rebellion been less persistent and formidable, had it been conquered with but little fighting, had the armies of the Union been far more successful, had slavery proved, as many supposed, an element of weakness, and not, as the facts show, an element of very great strength,—had this been the order of Providential events, to all human seeming, this war would have ended without reaching the slavery question in any very essential and radical form. Such, however, has not been the order of Providence. We have had serious disasters and delays. We have had time to collect our thoughts and reflect upon what is right. We have had a severe discipline. Providence has thrown several thousands of slaves upon our hands. We have found it necessary to use them, and make some provision for them. While we have vacillated in our policy, sometimes looking in one direction, and sometimes in another, sometimes seeming to have no policy, the government scarcely knowing what to do, Providence, by the stern force of

events, has been slowly but steadily crowding the slavery question upon public attention. The effort to ignore it has been constantly bringing it to the surface. We have not been able to get rid of it. In whatever way the President looked, this question met him. It has floated on every breeze, and drifted in every current. In the outset of the struggle, I confessed myself to have been rather cautious in my thoughts; I scarcely knew what I did think; I have had no desire that the President should be hasty or hurried in his final policy on this subject; I thought I saw that he needed time to think, and also that the public mind needed discipline and training by the course of events:—yet now, in the existing circumstances, looking at the past, taking into view the character of the struggle, and, above all, studying the principles which govern the righteous providence of God, permit me to say very frankly, that I have reached my conclusion. I am in favor of employing the whole military strength of this nation, to carry into practical execution the purposes expressed by the President in his recent Proclamation. The measure, I know, is radical; yet there are times, and we have fallen upon them, when radical measures are the wisest.

As a *war-measure*, as the means of reaching a constitutional end, which is the only aspect of the case presented in the President's Proclamation, I do not see how any reasonable man can doubt his right to adopt it. He has a right, as the "Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy," to do any thing justified by the usages of civilized warfare, which, in his judgment, may be necessary to the conquest of the rebellion. This is involved in the very nature of the war-power; and surely it is constitutional to use the whole strength of this power to maintain the government of these United States. I am not able to see what there is in slavery so sacred, that it should be exempted from the ordinary incidents of war, especially a war provoked by itself. Let it take the consequences of its own acts. Slavery is giving great aid and comfort to this rebellion; the slave population furnishes the producing force which feeds the army in the field; a portion of it accompanies the army in the character of servants and diggers of trenches; the rebels themselves are using this power to great advantage; and surely if we may do any thing to weaken and destroy them, if we may take away their property, and, if necessary, bombard their cities, then, in the state of war, we may strike down that institution for whose ascendancy they are fighting, and on which they rely as one element of strength. If they want to escape the blow, let them lay down their arms, and the President's Proclamation will not touch them. They are now simply warned by the Proclamation, "*that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof*

shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then thenceforward and forever FREE, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." Let the rebels lay down their arms before the first day of January, and this Proclamation will not disturb the institution of slavery. It becomes effective only in the event of their persistence in the war. It offers them a day of grace.

If it be objected that this Proclamation may take effect in emancipating the slaves of those who are loyal citizens in the rebellious States, then I answer; first, that the number of these persons must be exceedingly small as compared with the whole people; secondly, that a measure demanded by a great public necessity for the suppression of the rebellion, is not to be balked in its course for the sake of this small minority of persons who are not in active rebellion; thirdly, that the theory of the President is, that these persons should receive compensation from the Federal Government for the loss of their slaves. I confess that I do not see any force in the objection. The loyal people of the free States are suffering most severely in consequence of this war; and why should not the loyal people, if any there be, in the rebellious States, be willing to accept a measure, not primarily aimed at them, but designed to crush this accursed treason, even though they may be sufferers in its practical execution by reason of their connection with traitors? Is slavery so dear to them, that they can not give it up, even to save the Union? If truly loyal, they will welcome the blow, and trust to the Government to do them justice afterwards.

Those who are very sensitive about the Constitution at this time, who want the war prosecuted, as they say, according to the Constitution, and doubt the constitutionality of this measure, seem to forget that this very Constitution bestows upon the Government the war-power, of which the President is the executive agent. In discharging the trusts committed to him, the Constitution makes it his duty to conquer the foe, and use all the means in his power for this purpose. Traitors against the Constitution have no rights under it, except to be conquered and hung. They surely are not the men to plead the Constitution in their own behalf.

Will not the measure exasperate the rebels, and make them more persistent than they otherwise would be? I think the experience of the last eighteen months supplies an ample answer to this question. These men are not to be exasperated. They are already as determined as they can be. They are not to be conciliated by any emollient system of treatment. They mean to fight, and to keep fighting; and fight they undoubtedly will until they are conquered, as perhaps no other people were ever conquered in

the history of human warfare. It is high time to relinquish the false idea of coaxing this rebellion into good nature. We have already lost much by *playing* war; and now if we mean to win in this struggle, we must make the rebels *feel* the war in its utmost severity. This is the shortest, surest, and most merciful way to the end.

As to the question of *expediency*, the President, having taken this ground, and after long delay and much consideration, issued his Proclamation, the measure becomes expedient, even if it were not so before. As I read events, the Proclamation is not ahead of Providence, nor is it in advance of a rapidly increasing drift of public sentiment; and the way now to solve the problem of expediency, is to put on the armor, and make the destruction of slavery as the *means*, and the preservation of the Union as the *end*, the grand watchwords of the struggle. Let us carry freedom and victory in the same hand. The power that can gain the latter, can also gain the former. If we *can* conquer this rebellion, we can also kill slavery while doing it. We now have the *opportunity*, as we should not have in times of peace. We can now rid the land of that which has so long been its curse and its shame. The hour for doing this work, and the only hour possible since the Revolutionary age, has come; and my prayer to God is, that we may see our opportunity. He does not mean, if I read his providence correctly, to let us off with any half-way work on this subject. We must now lay the axe at the root of the tree, and put an end to slavery. I have no denunciations for those who dissent from these opinions. They are my opinions; and I utter them in the fear of God.

In respect to the *equity* and *moral justice* of the result accruing from this measure, I have no doubt. I hold, as I ever have held, that the system of human slavery is wrong—a sin against God and the dearest rights of our nature. For this wrong we are now suffering as a people. God is angry with us, and punishing us for this sin, and punishing those most severely who have sinned most grievously. The best way to please God and secure his favor, is to put away the evil from the land, to do *right*, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free. If with the opportunity we now have, and the discipline through which we have passed, and are still passing, we come short of this point,—if we undertake to cheat eternal justice,—then my belief is, that a night of deeper shades than this dark hour, awaits us in the future. You may depend upon it, that it is safe to do right; and the American people can commit no mistake so great as in this hour to fail in executing that sentence of death against slavery, for which Providence calls, and which God's justice must approve. The ways and the methods I leave with those whose is the official task, pledging to them my support and my prayers, and beseeching

Almighty God to give them alike the nerve and the wisdom to compass the end. "I frankly confess to you, gentlemen," said a distinguished politician, addressing an assembly not long since, "I frankly confess to you that, for myself, I take no interest in the negro; but, gentlemen, I am at a loss to conceive how any man can review the history of this rebellion without a clear conviction that *Almighty Providence* does!" Just so, my hearers. God does take an interest in some four millions of slaves; he is showing that interest at this hour; and the time has fully come for us, the creatures of his power and the ministers of his providence, to inquire for the path of duty on this subject, and then walk in it. My greatest concern about the nation lies at this very point.

The third question growing out of the times, is one of enlarged and generous Christian philanthropy. It is sometimes called the negro-question in distinction from that of slavery. If we put away slavery, as I pray God that we may, then we must not butcher the black man to get rid of him, but treat him in the sequel of his history according to the law of love. As the superior race, we have injured him quite long enough. Let us now try to do him good. As an inferior, ignorant, degraded, comparatively helpless race, subject to enormous disadvantages, he appeals to our philanthropy. We owe to him the duties of philanthropy. If he can constitute, either in part or in whole, the laboring population of the Southern States, being rewarded for the toil of his hands, and duly protected in his rights as a man—if this be the best arrangement for him, and also for the white race—then so be it. I have no objections. For one, I do not wish to drive him from this land, *volens volens*, whether he will or not, and whether this is best or not. The idea that, being free, he will emigrate to the North, and here make a jar in our system of labor, which is the fear of some, seems to me not well founded. The climate is against it. The proclivities and affinities of the black man are for Southern latitudes. Left to himself, he will instinctively choose the sunny South. It is now his home. Remove slavery, and the tendency of the blacks who are now at the North, will be to go to the Southern States, where they can find a people of their own race in much larger numbers than they can find them here.

If, on the other hand, the black man can not here, in immediate contact with the white race, realize his true and proper destiny, as I am inclined to think will prove the fact, though in this I may be mistaken, then the dictate of philanthropy is that we should find him a *home*, and furnish him with all the facilities in our power for reaching it. He must live *somewhere*; and if it be a settled fact that he can not live here to his own advantage or ours, then let us look about the world and see what we can do for him. Men of our race brought him here, and we their descendants have a duty to perform in giving him a home somewhere. If we can

not send him back to Africa, as I think we can not in sufficient numbers to solve the problem, then we must seek for him a home nearer by, at some place more convenient of access, where this Government could extend over him its fostering and protecting care. It would not be wonderful if in the sequel of Providence the State of Florida, and perhaps portions of Alabama, or the states of Central America, should finally become the resting-place and residence of this outcast and unhappy race. We are in the mere dawn of this problem; we can not see very far into it at present; and the dictate of philanthropy is, that we should make ourselves attentive students of the facts as they may be developed by Providence, and then act accordingly. The President, I perceive, is strongly inclined to the theory, that as we remove the system of slavery, the black race must be separated from the whites, and settled elsewhere. Perhaps he is right in this opinion, and perhaps the facts will show that he is not right. It is high time that the best minds in the nation should be thinking upon the subject. We have the question on hand, or judging from the indications of Providence, we soon shall have in a very practical form; and we ought to be making up our minds as to what is just, and wise, and humane, and Christian. The question as to what we shall do *with* the black man, and what we shall do *for* him, if released from the bondage of slavery, let me tell you, is one of the great questions of the age. In its solution he is for the most part dependent upon the friendship, the kind regards, and Christian philanthropy of the white race. He has no power to solve it himself. As he merges into freedom, he must receive his destiny from those at whose hands he receives that freedom. They will fix his position and his home rather than himself. He can not conquer his own destiny. His intelligence, powers of combination, and resources of action, are not equal to the task. He appeals to us to think for him; and think we must, and act we must, as wise and good men, thinking and acting in the fear of God, endeavoring to carry out towards the black man the principles of a sound, impartial, Christian philanthropy.

It is quite possible, moreover, that we are seriously underrating the capacities of the black man to help himself. Perhaps what he most wants from the white race, is that we should *let him alone*, and give him a chance to work out his own destiny. This we have not hitherto done. We have subjected him to great disadvantages in the free States, and in the slave States oppressed him by one of the most cruel despotisms that human nature ever felt. We have not been content to let the black man alone, and let him take his chances with other men on the field of life. If now we would practice this species of justice towards him, both North and South, perhaps the providence of God, at least in the course of a few generations, would show that we are making more of

the negro-question than really belongs to it. At any rate, a good beginning towards the end will be to *let the black man alone* in the sense of ceasing to do him harm, in the sense of putting away slavery, and discontinuing his oppressions; and whatever remains to be done after this to assist him in the recuperative struggle for a higher life, will thereby be greatly simplified.

I have thus, my brethren, given you my thoughts upon some of the radical questions of this most radical age. I have not spoken to you as the politician or the partisan, but as the minister of Christ. I have spoken honestly and frankly, surely not wishing to offend even the most unimportant ear in this house, yet desirous of being thoroughly understood. I have practiced no ambiguity of words, and held back no utterances which I deemed germane to the subject. I have thus spoken from a sense of duty to you, to my country, and my God. You will hold me responsible for the utterance. You may do so. I am perfectly willing that you should. What I have said is but a just expression of my sentiments, not hastily formed or uttered in wrath. If these views are not in your opinion correct, you have as much right to think your own thoughts as I have to think mine. All that I claim is to do my own thinking, whether I stand in this place or elsewhere. I have always exercised this privilege, and I expect to do so as long as I live. If ever I felt solemn and serious, far more anxious to speak the truth than to please the hearer, this is that moment.

I can not conclude without a word of exhortation. I exhort you, in the first place, to stand by the Government, and that, too, whether you approve of all its measures or not. Remember that the Government does not consist in a piece of paper, but in living men, who in the providence of God are intrusted with the administration of our national affairs. These men are now the Government. Remember also, that unless you propose to have a revolution, this war must be conducted through the agency of our present Chief Magistrate, at least until the period when his term of office shall expire. That the President is earnestly and honestly laboring for the preservation of this Union, I think no man can doubt. He ought, therefore, to be supported by the people, by the *whole* people. His mistakes, if there be any, should be regarded with great leniency. No man ever had a more difficult task to perform. This is no time for a factious opposition, or for a division in the ranks of loyalty. The South, in the commencement of this rebellion, based their hope of success on three grounds. The first is cotton, which has failed them; the second is foreign intervention, which has also failed them; and the third is a *divided* North, which has hitherto failed them, as I pray God that it may continue to do. If we divide our strength, our cause is lost. We can not conquer this rebellion unless we are thoroughly united in

the purpose to do so; and if we are thus united, nothing can be more certain than our ultimate triumph.

I exhort you, in the second place, to give your support—moral, social, and political—to those men of whatever name or party, and to those men *only*, whose devotion to the Government in its present struggle is above all question. You now want true men—*war* men—men about whose position there is no ambiguity—men who mean to carry this nation through to final victory. No other men are fit to represent the people in such a crisis. Sympathizers with rebellion,—cold and lukewarm patriots,—demagogues, more anxious for office than to save their country,—those who are eloquent in denouncing the Government, while they have very little to say against the treason that now threatens the life of the nation:—these, in my judgment, are not the men whom a loyal and honest people can safely trust with official power. If there ever was a time in the history of the world when a man's principles should be above all question, this seems to me that time. His record should be as clear as light. I make these remarks with no reference to any political organizations, whether Republican, Democratic, or mixed. With such organizations I have nothing to do in this place. My object is simply to lay down a principle, whose application must be the work of your own judgment. I extend the right hand of fellowship to any man and every man, who is entirely sincere, honest, and earnest in prosecuting this war till every vestige of treason against the Federal Government shall be completely subjugated. I do not ask him to adopt all my reasons for this position. What I ask is, that he adopt the position itself.

I exhort you, in the third place, patiently, cheerfully, and hopefully, to bear the burdens of this struggle. I know they are great, and they may become very much greater. Some of you have given your sons and kindred to the war; and some of you mourn the loss of those who have poured their honored blood upon the altars of their country. We have all felt, and are still feeling, and shall long continue to feel, the sad consequences of this unhappy strife. And yet, unless I am utterly at fault in my apprehension of the case, the cause is worthy of the sacrifice. The character and capacities of the American people never shone more brightly than during the last eighteen months of their history. The bravery of our soldiers, their patient and long endurance, their heroic achievements on the field of deadly conflict,—the voluntary enlistment of nearly a million of men,—the creation, almost in a day, of a vast navy,—the ample supply of the sinews of war,—the organization of committees and associations to provide for the physical, moral, and spiritual good of the army,—the services rendered by the women,—the coöperation of the Christian ministry,—the voice of prayer in almost every sanctuary, and in almost every assemblage of the saints,—the oft-repeated judg-

ment of ecclesiastical bodies :—these, and the like facts, declare that the American people cherish their national Government with an undying devotion, and that they are as energetic and invincible in war as they are prosperous in the arts of peace. Though not hitherto bred to fighting, they *can* fight. Fighting is their strange work ; and yet when it comes to this, they have shown themselves equal to the hour. Let us then go on in just this line of action, and keep going on, patiently, cheerfully, and hopefully doing all things, daring all things, bearing all things, meeting all emergencies, yielding to no discouragement, superior to temporary disaster, swearing upon the altars of our country that we will never lay down the sword till the last armed rebel against the Constitution and the Union is either subjugated or dead. This was our motto in the outset, and I hope it will be to the end. I of course wish that this end might soon come ; yet be it distant or near, in my lifetime or after I shall have gone the way of all the earth, I do not want this war to cease till the twenty millions of freemen who have embarked in it, have either gained the object, or proved its utter impossibility. Then, and not till then, I am for peace. As I read the book of God, that wisdom which is from above, is first PURE, then peaceable.

I exhort you, finally, to be men of prayer. Pray for the President. Pray for the members of his Cabinet. Pray for the soldier, and pray for his commanders. Pray for the sick and the wounded. Pray for those who are appointed unto death, and who will never again see their homes. Pray for the desolate families that weep in secret places. Pray for our public enemies, beseeching God to give them repentance and better minds. Pray for the poor slave, asking the God of justice and mercy to open the door of freedom from his long night of bondage. Pray for the whole country, imploring High Heaven to cut short this war, and give us a peace that, being founded in the principles of eternal righteousness, shall be strong as the solid mountains, broad and deep as the ocean, and lasting as time. Let us now, by the good providence of God, settle the question of our national life, and settle it in harmony with justice ; then let the energies of this great and growing nation be directed towards the peaceful industries of society ; and we shall not only repair the damages accruing from the war, but far transcend all our previous history as a member in the great family of nations. In view of these objects in which you, and I, and our children after us, yea, all the world, have so deep an interest, let us most fervently beseech the God of providence to accompany the national army, and make it victorious on every field.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Alchemy of Grace.

OF Midas it is fabled that the gift he craved was granted him — that whatever he touched might be turned into gold. But the alchemy of grace is mightier, and more wonderful; and the simple reality of a true Christian experience outvies the very fancies of fable. The touch of a holy faith, consecrating every thing to God's glory, transmutes the gold of earth into the gold of heaven; changes dross and sordid wealth into riches, which moth can not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; stamps upon the image and superscription of earthly coin an image and superscription which make it divine; recoinng it indeed in the mint of charity, and making it current as the pledge of sympathy and pity for God's suffering children.

Wealth is dross till piety consecrates it to a hallowed service. Then it expresses no longer a mere marked value, but a worth reeognized in the exchequer of heaven. It is transformed, by consecrated use, into treasures of everlasting and inestimable value, and as the benefaction of kindness, the minted coin of charity, the gift of love, it is beyond price. The alabaster-box of ointment was precious before, but when love had devoted it, its value, its real worth in the sight of heaven, was increased a thousand-fold. It wants but the touch of real goodness to transform all its earthly possessions into heavenly treasures, wings of ministering angels, and golden reservoirs of pity and compassion.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Have you Glorified God?

ONE of the most sublime and thrilling reproofs ever uttered was that by Daniel, when he stood before the guilty and affrighted Belshazzar. And yet what is there in it that will not apply with even greater force to thousands upon thousands in a Christian land? "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified." The creature of God, made to declare his praise and glory, you have perverted the end of your creation. The child of God, bound by your very relationship to filial trust and loving obedience, you have proved a prodigal, squandering on selfish schemes your allotted portion, and repaying goodness with ingratitude. The subject of the King of kings and the Lord of lords, you have rebelled and revolted against his authority, and set up your own disordered will or perverted fancies as your highest law. The works of God, enchanting in beauty, surprising in skill, or magnificent in grandeur, may have extorted praise, but it was not praise that rose above the workmanship, or recognized the glory of the Maker. You have walked beneath this starry dome, or guided your steps by the light of the sun, or sat down to the enjoyment of abundant harvests, but your thoughts have not soared to the Fountain of good, or the "Father of lights." Your own faculties, your means, opportunities, privileges, blessings, are all his gift, and yet perhaps you never asked, How may I employ them to show forth the

praise, or to win the favor and the approving smile of Him by whom they were bestowed?

And how—if you have never yet accepted the terms of the Gospel, and embraced Christ as your Saviour—can you have glorified God as the Author of redemption? His works of power are magnificent; the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; but the wonders of his grace are transcendent. How can you praise while you reject them? How can you honor them, or glorify their Author, while you treat them with contempt? He who lit up the stars, and stretched abroad the firmament, has bid the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon a darkened world, yet its brightness and glory are lost upon your self-blinded vision. You reject as a worthless thing the price of your redemption. You tread under foot the Son of God. Thus have you dishonored the mercy that would save you. The God who made, preserved, redeemed you, you have not glorified. You have practically accounted the blood wherewith you are sanctified an unhallowed thing, and you have done despite to the spirit of grace.

And how can you ever hope to sing that song of the redeemed in heaven—the new song, with its angelic chorus of glory to God in the highest—while you know practically nothing of the grace and love of our Lord Jesus Christ? while you have no experience of the power of atoning blood? while you feel nothing of the joy which thrills the hearts of those whose feet are planted upon the rock of ages, and who in the rapture of their deliverance exclaim: He hath put a new song into my mouth—even praise to our God?

And what must be the doom of those on whom sentence is pronounced, "The God in whose hand thy

breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified"? Must it not be exclusion from the ranks of those whose life on earth, and whose employment in heaven, is to glorify God? Must it not be a condemnation that will crush the soul under the sense of guilt? Must it not be "destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power"?

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Child of God Secure.

How wondrously does every thing pay tribute to the good man's faith, and how does the whole order of nature and providence bow to God's designs respecting him! "Affliction is the good man's shining scene." Trial purges out his dross. Sufferings are the chastenings of a loving Father; and how often, like harvests under the blazing sun, does the heat of sore dispensations ripen him as a golden sheaf for the garner of heaven! The Red Seas and deserts of his pilgrim way teach him the sublimest lessons of truth in his great Deliverer; and where he apprehended famine, he is strangely fed on heavenly manna. "All things work together for good" to him. If the stars, in their courses, fought against Sisera, the light and darkness, the sunshine and storms of life are but the evolutions of that providence that surrounds the child of God with its guardian legions. He is never deserted. He is never alone. He may be cast down, but he is not overwhelmed; he may be perplexed, but he is not in despair. In the furnace of affliction, one like unto the Son of Man is at his side, and tempers the heat to his endurance. His strength, or rather the strength of God, made perfect in his weakness, is proportioned to his day. With Job he can exclaim under the

blows which seem repeated to strike him to the earth, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and though constrained with the Psalmist to exclaim, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," yet with him also he takes courage, and adds with grateful confidence: "Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

For The Prayer-Meeting.

God's Right in us Acknowledged.

If the time shall ever come—foretold in prophecy—when *holiness to the Lord* shall be written on the bells of the horses, how much more shall this inscription of holy consecration be traced on the faculties and possessions of a living man! How much more shall it be written not only over the portals of God's living temple—the consecrated soul—but on all the vessels of the Lord's house! Then shall we glorify God in our bodies and our spirits, which are God's. Reason shall bow to faith, and conscience shall pay supreme homage to the law of God. The affections shall be kindled, like the fire on the altar, with the glow of holy love and warm devotion. Every desire shall be hallowed as a prayer, every imagination shall be sanctified, every thought that has wandered abroad, to gather up the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God, shall haste, as on the wing of seraphim, to lay its willing tribute at the foot of the throne.

And the body shall be the willing instrument of the heart's devotion. The hand shall be like His who "openeth his hand, and satisfieth the wants of every living thing." The

foot shall be as the foot of the dusty traveler, "beautiful on the mountains," because the bearer of glad tidings. The voice, in each utterance, shall speak as the oracles of God, in tones of prayer or praise, or the accents of love. The eye shall beam with a holy compassion, and the ear shall list to the cry of the needy, or catch the music of the heavenly host. No element of the whole being shall give forth a discord. Every fiber of the frame, every faculty of the spirit, shall join the chorus of praise and grateful service, and swell the tribute of glory to Him to whom all glory belongs.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Terrors of Guilt.

The guilty man may have a seeming truce; a true peace he can not have. Look upon the face of the guilty heart, and thou shalt see it pale and ghastly; the smiles and laughter faint and heartless; the speeches doubtful, and full of abrupt stops and unseasonable turnings; the purposes and motions unsteady, and savoring of much distraction; arguing plainly that sin is not so smooth at her first motions as turbulent afterwards. Hence are these vain wearings of places and companies, together with ourselves, that the galled soul doth, after the wont of sick patients, seek refreshing in variety, and after many tossed and turned sides, complains of remediless and unabated torment. Nero, after so much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber, but his fiends ever attend him, ever are within him, and are as parts of himself. Alas! what avails it to seek outward reliefs, when thou hast thine executioner within thee? If thou couldst shift from thyself, thou mightst have some hope of ease; now thou shalt never want

furies so long as thou hast thyself. Thy soul may fly from thy body ; thy conscience will not fly from thy soul, nor thy sin from thy conscience. Some men, indeed, in the bitterness of these pangs of sin—like unto those fondly impatient fishes that leap out of the pan into the flame—have leaped out of that private hell that is in themselves, into the common pit ; choosing to adventure upon the future pains that they have feared, rather than to endure the present horrors they have felt ; wherein what have they gained, but to that hell which was within them, a second hell without ? The conscience leaves not where the fiends begin, but both join together in torture.—BISHOP HALL.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

Living to Die.

THE seasons have their time of coming and going, and we know when they will come and go ; the passenger-birds have their appointed time, and we know when they will come, and when they will depart ; the leaf has its time to flourish, and its time to fade, and we know when it will flourish, and when it will fade. It is otherwise with death—"man knoweth not his time." Amid this uncertainty, however, one thing is certain—death itself. *What is our life, indeed, but a constant dying—a death in life ? The moment we begin to live, that moment we begin to die. I am dying while I now speak, and you are dying while you hear ; every breath we take to lengthen life, shortens it ; and the more we live the less we have to live ; thus do we fade as a leaf.

Yet though day unto day utters speech, and night unto night teaches man knowledge ; though in every new-made grave that meets our eye ;

though in every newspaper that we read ; though in every funeral procession we are summoned to attend, or that we see dragging its slow and sable length along our streets ; though in every funeral-bell that tolls the departure of another and another to the tomb ; though all nature enters, as it were, for our sake, once every year into a state of death ; though at this moment every sound that meets the ear, and every sight that meets the eye, is eloquent of death ; though in all these we have solemn utterance and stern assurances of our approaching dissolution, yet how few of us realize this approach, so as to consider and provide against its issues ! Every species of arithmetic we will learn but that of counting our days ; every species of economy we will study but that of setting our house in order, seeing we must die and not live.

My brethren, are we in our senses ? Will our blindness to danger diminish or prevent danger ? Will we not die, because we never think of dying ? Surely we can not think thus ; you can not but know that death is advancing, and that every effort you make to exclude it from your thoughts, does in effect but bring it the nearer. Let the *forewarnings* of nature, then, be your *forearmings* ; let not this season pass by unimproved. Listen to the voice of nature ; the voice of nature is the voice of God. God speaks to us from the dust as well as from the pulpit ; and if hitherto you have lived as men who were *not* to die, live henceforth as men who *are* to die—in the full knowledge of the fact, live under its full influence ; and that the knowledge of death's certainty and death's solemnity may issue in life's sanctity, so may you seek and find, and so help you God.—REV. JOHN ANDERSON.

For The Prayer-Meeting.

The Only Cordial.

Is it possible that the sole and sovereign antidote sent from heaven by God himself against the sting and venom of all heart-grief and horror, the Sacred Sun of saving truth, should become the cause of discomfort and dissettlement of the soul? No, no! There is such a quickening, healing and mighty efficacy and vigor shed into it from the Father of light, and shining in it from the face of Christ, that by the help of the blessed Spirit it can turn darkness into light, death into life, hell into heaven, the deepest horror into the height of joy.

Tell me of any misery upon the body, soul, outward state, or good name, any calamity felt or feared in this life, or the life to come; and if thou wilt be converted and counseled, I can send thee to some, both promise and precedent in this book of God, which may, upon good ground, fill thine heart as full with sound comfort as the sun is of light and the sea of waters. Nay, give me a wounded spirit, with all its inexplicable terrors and bitterness, which is the greatest misery and extremest affliction of which an understanding soul is capable in this life; and first let all the physicians in the world lay all their heads, skill, and experience together for the cure; let all the highest monarchs upon earth shine upon it with their imperial favors for comfort; let the depth of all human wisdom, and the height of the most excellent oratory be improved to persuade it to peace; let all the creatures in heaven and earth contribute their several abilities and utmost skill to still its rage; and when all these have done, I will fetch a cordial out of God's own book, which shall mollify the anguish, expel the venom, and bind it up with everlasting peace which passeth all understanding; that the broken bones may

rejoice, and the poor soul, groaning most grievously under the guilty horror of many foul abominations, and ready to sink in the gulf of despair, be sweetly bathed and refreshed in the fountain opened by the hand of mercy for sin and for uncleanness, Christ's dearest blood, the glorious well-spring of all lightness and joy.—ROBERT BOLTON.

Make You a New Heart.

It is true, man's change of heart is the greatest miracle that God works in the world; but yet he works it in an ordinary way, by our own endeavors, as well as by his own irresistible and victorious grace, and therefore God calls upon us: "Make you a new heart and a new spirit, for why will you die?" Do not, therefore, cheat your souls into eternal perdition by such lazy conceits of your own weakness and impotency. Do not content yourselves with a few yawning, drowsy wishes, expecting till divine grace doth of its own self drop down out of heaven, and of its own accord change your hearts. Possibly before that time you yourselves may drop irrevocably into hell. Will you lose your souls forever only out of a wretched sloth? Doth one end of them lie burning as a brand in hell-fire, and will you not stretch out your hand to pluck it thence? Believe it, so long as you continue in a sinful state, you are wrapped about with ten thousand curses; the wrath of God is continually making its approaches unto you; and there is only a thin mud wall of flesh to fence it out, which is still moldering and falling away, and whether it will be able to hold out one day longer you know not. You hang over the bottomless pit only the weak thread of a frail life, which is ready to be snapped asunder every moment; and if some consuming sickness should

fret this thread, or some unforeseen casualty should break it off suddenly; if death work a change upon you before grace works a change in you, of all God's creation you are the most miserable. Better that you had been the most loathsome creature that crawls upon God's earth—yea, better that you had never been—than that you should forget and neglect this great work of renovation one moment too long. Therefore use no delay; every moment that is not this present is too long a delay; while you are dreaming of repentance and conversion, some months, or possibly some years hence, God may snatch you away before the next sand is run in time's glass; and where are you then?—BISHOP HOPKINS.

The Watchword.

IN one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard; one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from hea-

ven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" strange but blessed watchword; never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Look at the Preacher.

YES, look at him while he is preaching.

1. Because he is speaking to *you*. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head or avert your face when a friend or any man speaks to you in the house or on the street. Acknowledge by looking that you feel that you are spoken to.

2. Because looking at him is a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you. He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary.

4. It is kindness too. You can do the preacher service—perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct or profit you in some way. It will gratify him to notice your fixed gaze. It will cheer him. Perhaps he is troubled at his own conscious deficiencies, or at the inattention of others. Your kind look is "cold water to a thirsty soul."

5. Would not you, if the preacher,

like the same treatment now sought for him? Would not that hearer's attentive gaze at you do good? Can you refuse to do as you would be done by?

6. Look at the preacher, because there is power in your example. It will rebuke the unkindness and impoliteness of others, whose averted faces and wandering eyes show that the laws of kindness and courtesy have lost dominion in their hearts.

7. Look at him, because it will help you fix your attention more seriously and firmly upon the all-important truths he is trying to impress upon our heart.

Here are seven good reasons for doing what will cost you but little effort, and which is certain to be profitable and honorable to yourself, polite, kind and cheering to the preacher, and greatly useful to others.—*N. O. Observer.*

Serious Questions to the Unconverted.

1. Is the responsibility of a man of his own making or of God's? Does your responsibility depend upon your being or not being a professor of religion?

2. Did you ever seriously reflect on the fact that God offers salvation in its fullness to you as a sinner repenting?

3. Are you ignorant of the goodness of God, that he is kind to you, and that it will not be his fault if you are finally lost?

4. Do you not know that you must accept the offered salvation — you must do it, and that cordially and gratefully by faith in the Gospel; or necessarily, in the very nature of things, perish, as a rejector of Christ, the only Saviour, and that there is NO DECREE OF GOD IN THE UNIVERSE contrary to this?

5. Are you sure that there is any happiness, any safety, any goodness, worthy of the name, apart from the favor of God in Christ Jesus, and the pardon of sin through his blood?

6. For what are you waiting? a miracle? It is not promised—it will never be wrought; and what command of God do you obey by it? what authority have you for postponement? If you can not now turn to God, WHEN can you?

7. If you did not love sin, and mean to continue in it, and this most offensively before God, what could hinder your obedience to the LAMB?

8. Are you not in danger of purchasing this world—a little of it—for one moment—that uncertain—at TOO DEAR a rate? How much ought your fraction of it to be worth, to warrant the price you are in peril of paying for it? Its pleasures, its fame, its wealth—which do you prefer, to the salvation of your soul in Jesus Christ?

9. Do you not choose to think of death, futurity, or your account at the judgment-seat of Christ? Why? Are you not sane, or will you absent yourself from that tribunal, or dispute its jurisdiction? Madness! How can you live at this rate, and call yourself no moral lunatic, or endure your own recklessness, refusing to prepare for eternity, when you know it is coming so fast—will soon be here—may arrive any moment? If there is any truth in religion, is it not a DESPERATE GAME that you are proudly playing?

10. Are you afraid of others, of what they will say, if you become a Christian? If so, do you know any slave of terror equal to yourself? a bondage execrable and ruinous! your task-masters the most wanton and willful tyrants in the world! Is it you that call it bondage to be the servant of Christ? Where then shall we go for freedom? Why do

you not believe that heaven is a place of misery?

11. Is there any comfort for you, continuing as you are, for which you are not *surprisingly indebted* to ignorance, stupidity, error, presumption, or forgetfulness? Is there any better solution of the wonder that a man has comfort who is "condemned already," and upon whom "the wrath of God abideth"? and is this the comfort you prefer to that of a Christian—to that which cherished Paul in duty, and Jerome at the stake?

12. Are you sure that a life of piety is not the best every way—temporally, as well as eternally? If not, is a life and *death* of impiety the best?

13. If you were truly converted, would it not be a great thing, especially in its relations? If your conversion is infinitely desirable, is not that also of every other sinner? And hence exertions to save souls are infinitely desirable. Will you then oppose them any more? Devils will do enough of this. Why will not you then repent and believe in the Gospel, and "save yourself from this untoward generation"? DECIDE NOW FOR ETERNITY!

"There is but One Book."

It is told of Sir Walter Scott, that in the feebleness of his last days, when the pen had dropped from his nerveless fingers, and his mind had felt the shock of exhausting labors, he called upon his son-in-law, Lockhart, to read to him. "What shall I read?" said Lockhart. "Why do you ask? There is but one book," was the reply.

What language from the lips of one whose writings had charmed and fascinated tens of thousands, and whose authorship had multiplied his volumes till they counted by scores! The time had come when

these were worthless. His own ingenious and enchanting fictions offered him no solace then. He wanted the book that could tell him of realities, which took hold on eternity. He wanted the book which could be a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path, amid the shadows of the dark valley. He wanted to lay hold on promises which should be the rod and staff of God to his fainting spirit.

Ah! it is not genius, it is not the gift of imagination, or the fruits of culture, which can suffice for us, when our feet stumble on the dark mountains. Then our thoughts turn instinctively to the light that comes down to us from the throne of God. We want the words of the everlasting covenant. We want the words of the Lord Jesus. We crave the aid, the grace, the sympathy, and consolation of Him who spake as never man spake. Then, with a music sweeter than the breath of song, more precious than childhood's cradle-hymn, falls upon our ears, the invitation: "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yet these are the words that invite you now. You can not say how long you will be permitted to hear them. Will you turn away, and give them no heed? Will you resort to volumes of fiction, to the pages of human wisdom and learning, to the exclusion of that volume of which the greatest novelist of the century said, "There is but one book"? Will you so affront that volume, which from your earliest years should be "the man of your counsel"? Will you leave the fountain for broken cisterns? Will you seek vain knowledge with insatiable eagerness, and neglect the privilege offered here of knowing Him whom to know aright is life eternal? Oh! press this volume to your

heart! Inscribe its truths upon your memory! Whatever else you seek or neglect, neglect not the Bible. It is the word of life; it is the oracles of God. It is a mine which profoundest thought may explore, but can not exhaust. It is the star that shines with undimmed light on the voyager's track, when all the rush-lights of human wisdom are swallowed up in the darkness. Make this book your guide. Drink from its fountains of wisdom. Satisfy your hunger from its bread of life.

Death Ministering to Life.

HAVE you never walked among the trees of the forest, shooting their lofty summits up into the clear sunshine, and noticed upon them, far over your head, the dead limbs that are crumbling away, to leave the straight, majestic trunk more perfect in its symmetry? Once these limbs were the topmost branches, loaded with foliage, and vigorous with their green, young life. But they have perished now. They have died to give up their strength to the parent stock that will send it aloft to perfect its own wonderful development.

Is it not thus that the believer will view the defeat of his once-cherished plans? The tree of his life should leave the symmetry of perfect obedience. His enterprise may branch forth in various directions, but when these branches do not accord with the great aim of a consecrated life, or when they have contributed all they have to give to the common end, they are allowed to perish. Who will not recognize in this the lesson of all-wise Providence, teaching to look beyond the present to future attainment, and to say, as it sees its own plans and projects sacrificed to promote a higher end: "Not my will, but thine be done"?

One Faith—One Baptism.

A WRITER in the *Christian Chronicle*, (Philadelphia,) speaking of the arrival of a considerable number of "contrabands" at the Union Saloon, at the foot of Washington street, in that city, relates the following interesting incident:

"Entering into conversation with them, I inquired if there were any Christians among them.

"Yes."

"Any Baptists?"

"Yes, massa, I'se one," said a stout man; and we shook hands cordially.

"I asked an old woman looking more like an Egyptian mummy than any thing else, if she loved the Saviour."

"I does."

"Do you belong to any church?"

"I does."

"What kind?"

"Baptist, massa."

"I told her I was a Baptist minister.

"O Lor bless ye! gib me your hand 'gin,' and rising half-way up, with such a shake, look and grin, with eyes and mouth open, she said, 'Lor bless ye, Lor bless ye. I'se so glad to see a dear minister once more,' tears running down her withered cheeks.

"I said, 'How old are you?"

"I don't know; massa was plowing when Cornwallis was taken; saw soldiers running and women crying; was baptized by Mr. Baker, at Berryville, Va.; am a rail Virginny nigger; have had two husbands and twenty-one children; my youngest son, by my side, has a wife and four children in bondage."

This woman, who seems to be a specimen of that mummy-like longevity found nowhere but among negroes, is farther stated to be one hundred and four years old. She was,

consequently, eighteen years of age when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The youngest son, above mentioned, is said to be a fine-looking negro, and very tender of his mother.

"In parting," adds the narrator, "I said, 'I shall meet you in heaven.'"

"Oh! yes, bless de Lor. All ob God's dear children born ob the Spirit. We'll meet in hebben, dat's sartin."

This she said with so much feeling that many around wept.

It is pleasant to be able to add that this interesting group all found employment, and that there is room for more.

A Praying-Wheel.

WE went over the monastery, which was just the church of Gorooguntal over again, on a large scale. Among other things, we were shown with great pride a monster praying-wheel; the cylinder was at least ten feet in height, and five or six feet in diameter, and it was hard work for two priests to turn it. These praying-cylinders were the great feature of the place, and were of all sizes; the smallest were about the size of a humming-top, and resembled that toy in shape. They are called *chos-khor*, and are carried in the lama's right hand—the handle being the axis on which they revolve. They turn at the slightest movement; and as each revolution counts as one prayer, it is easy to carry on an animated conversation, and get through any amount of prayers to Boodh at the same time. Others, a little longer, were placed in shelves along the walls, about the height of a man's waist. The pious, in passing, always gave those a twirl. But the most perfect specimen of this business-like way of getting over their spiritual

duties, practiced by the Boodhists of Ladak, was a little water-mill, which we noticed a short time after, near a village. The stream turned the mill-wheel, which was nothing more or less than a praying-cylinder, and revolved unceasingly; as long as the stream flowed on, so long would its devotions last. Unlike a "friar of orders gray," apt to fall asleep over his beads, and to shirk the number of *aves* which have been bargained for, this charming little mechanical contrivance never stopped to take breath, never slept, never left off for meals, but prayed continuously, and all "free gratis for nothing." He was certainly no fool, whatever else he may have been, who invented the praying-wheel.—*Travels in Ladak, Tartary and Kasomair, by Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens.*

Small Sins.

REMEMBER, there is a deadly poison in the very nature of sin, as there is in a serpent, be he never so small. The least sin is worse than the greatest pain that ever man felt; and would you choose and say, it is little? The least sin is odious to God, and had a hand in the death of Christ, and will damn you if it be not pardoned; and should such a thing be made light of? And many sins, counted small, may have great aggravations, such as the knowing, deliberate, willful committing of them is. To love a small sin is a great sin; especially to love it so well, that the remembrance of God's will and love, of Christ and heaven and hell, will not suffice to resolve you against it. Besides, a small sin is the common way to greater. The horrid sins of David and Peter had small beginnings. Mortal sicknesses seem little matters at the first.—RICHARD BAXTER.

Fulton-Street Prayer-Meeting.

VERY interesting statements are frequently made here, and incidents related in regard to religion and religious influences upon soldiers in the army. The facts should encourage to more earnest prayer and greater efforts in behalf of those who are exposed daily to the solemn dangers of death on the battle-field.

A father, who has lately had two sons, but has one of them now laid up in heaven, read to the Fulton-street meeting a letter from the surviving son, who is now in Fort Pulaski, Georgia. He writes that their prayer-meetings in the regiment are now held three times a week, and that they are numerous attended, with much of the appearance of a revival spirit pervading them. The pious soldiers of the regiment are Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed, but they have become so united, heart and hand, that they will labor and pray that they may win souls to the Lord Jesus. The Lord seems to be moving them, by the power of his Spirit, to this great and glorious work, and already they see some fruit of their labors. Their meetings for prayer are melting and animated, and some of the impenitent among the soldiers are turning from sin to holiness, and from the service of Satan to the service of Christ. A great change is taking place in the regiment. It has some pious officers and a chaplain, but in the communication they are not spoken of as taking any interest in this religious movement.

A gentleman said that he had good news to give from another part of the army. In two regiments which he named there are now existing what would be termed revivals of religion, if the same state of prayer among Christians, and religious anx-

iety among the unconverted existed in any of our congregations. These men of the regiments do not call this state of things a revival, yet every day men are found coming out on the Lord's side. The praying men of these regiments know very well that all this movement is to be ascribed to the power and grace of God. We have great encouragement to pray. We ought to have confidence that the Lord is on our side, when we find that his Spirit is so manifestly abroad among the men of our armies.

LETTER FROM A CHAPLAIN.

A gentleman said he had in his hand a letter from a chaplain. He is a ripe scholar, an able minister of the New Testament, an earnest Christian, a zealous worker, and has always been successful in his work of preaching the Gospel. He is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, Old School, and his name is a tower of strength.

From his experience in the army, he gives it as his opinion that no field, now open to the minister of the Gospel, affords such encouragement to labor as the army. All a man has to do to be successful, is to convince the men that he really cares for their souls. Never had he found such an appreciation of this care for souls as in the army and army hospitals. The soldier will feel the deepest interest in those who are interested in him. He readily yields to be guided and instructed by such a chaplain, and feels an unbounded gratitude to him for the interest which he feels. Speaking of his own case, he says that he made efforts to establish his own heart in a deep concern for the salvation of his men. He prayed for it; he labored for it; he openly professed it, and he really gained it, so that it

became an all-absorbing desire with him to see all his men Christians. The men did not fail to discover this, and the effect on them was wonderful. He did not dream that he ever could so win the affections of the men as he has done. He did not believe there was a man in the regiment who would not cheerfully lay down his life in his defense. Not a wish could be manifest, but a thousand hearts responded to it. He has seen many a man turning to the Lord. And all along God gives him souls for his hire. It is easy to labor, and labor has a rich reward. All that a chaplain has to do is to show that he has a soul, and that his *heart* is in his *work* and not in his *compensation* or the paymaster's pocket.

Let a man do as Paul did — magnify his office, lay honor in his *work*, not in his position, and the men of a regiment would honor him with their confidence and love. And there was no higher honor, which men could bestow, than the honor which a thousand men would thus bestow upon a chaplain. In many respects the field is unthankful and uninviting, but in other respects no other field is so full of hope and promise. Had we all such chaplains, how blessed would be the lot of our soldiers, and how cheerfully could we send our sons to the war!

INFLUENCE OF A SOLDIER.

A soldier spoke. He said he had now been for some time in the army. Almost any soldier can be approached on the subject of religion, if it is only done in the right way. Let a pious soldier walk softly. Let him watch and be sober — be consistent. Let him be prayerful and earnest, and he will soon find his way to the hearts of his fellow-soldiers. The soldiers of a regiment are good

readers of character. A man must not expect to be read off as a good Christian who was a hypocrite. The men would see his hypocrisy and could not respect it. But a humble, earnest, every-day Christian they could not scorn. Him they would sooner come to respect, and when respect was once established, it could be easily maintained. He had seen many soldiers turning to the Lord. God had been giving him an earnest longing for their salvation. Oh! pray more for the salvation of the soldiers. It is true there is a great amount of wickedness among the soldiers. And where will you go and not find wickedness among impenitent and wicked men? If they are wicked, so much more do they need to be saved.

Among the Stars.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At the time when our Saviour was a child, the Father sent angels down from heaven in the form of boys, to play with the child Jesus and the other pious children of Jerusalem. One night it chanced that the little John, who afterwards became the Lord's best-beloved disciple, had wandered with one of his heavenly play-fellows into a beautiful flower-garden. Then said the angel to John: "I must now go away to sleep." "But where is thy bed, dear stranger?" asked John. "Up there, among the stars," replied the angel. "Ah! one must sleep sweetly there," sighed the little John; "if I might only go up with thee!" "Thy bed is already made there; but thou must be content to lie wearily awhile longer down here, poor child!"

The boy looked wonderingly into the angel's face, then plucked a bunch of roses and lilies, and gave them to

his sweet companion as a remembrance till the next morning. "There is a nosegay for thee," said he, "and forget not to bring me one from above when thou comest again early to-morrow, for the flowers up there must be far prettier and larger than ours." "They are indeed," said the angel; "but I can not bring them down to thee. Seest thou the stars shining in heaven? These are our flowers, but they are so large and bright that thy poor, weak little eyes could not look into them, if I should bring them as near to thee as thy roses and lilies. They are not planted in the ground, but in the blue ether, and they drink their life not from the sunshine, but from the light of God's countenance. But this I will do: I will bring thee a seed from one of these flowers to-morrow, and we will plant it in thy earth, and see what will come of it." And the angel kissed the boy and vanished.

The next morning he came again, as he had promised, and in his palm lay a glittering seed. And the two little ones buried it in the earth, and every morning and every evening the angel watered it with water brought in the hollow of his little hand. And the little John told all the good children in Jerusalem that he had a star sown in his garden; and the children came every day to see whether it had yet come up. And lo! in the autumn there bloomed a lovely flower, round in form, with a circle of many slender petals, like the rays of a star. And so it received the name of Aster, which in English means star. And when I stand in a clear night by a bed of asters and watch the stars shining down over them and me, it is as if they whispered to each other of their old relationship, and the stars look downward and the asters look upward, as if they would fain exchange a kiss of love.

Religion in the Army.

It is one of the wonder-working providences of God that he should so arrange the means of grace and the instrumentalities for the conversion of men as to make this great and terrible war the occasion for the salvation of souls. A revival in the army! Who would choose the camp—the theatre of war—the clangor of arms—the tremendous hazards of the battle-field—as the place and time when men should become serious and prayerful, and give their hearts to the Son of God? And yet to show that God is not straitened in his means, facts warrant the belief that many souls will be converted and saved in connection with our great army movement who otherwise, had they remained at home, would, humanly speaking, never have become Christians. A gentleman stated to us, in the office of the NATIONAL PREACHER, a few days since, that in many parts of the army the prayer-meetings were well attended, and not a few anxious for their souls, and some had given their hearts to the Saviour while just marching into the deadly breach, when the thunders of battle were sounding in their ears.

He related the following incident: A few moments before the attack on the enemy, a subordinate officer said to his captain: I wish to offer prayer in behalf of us all, before we begin the fight. He at once kneeled down with many others, and offered a fervent prayer to the God of battles. Soon after the company or regiment were in the midst of the deadly conflict. After the battle, when the roll was called, not one man was missing or wounded. Officers and soldiers were so struck with the protecting providence, that the same officer begged to return thanks to God. He kneeled down and gave

thanks, and was followed by his captain and some others, in devout thanksgiving.

A soldier from Roxbury, Massachusetts, on leaving home for the army, received a pocket-Bible from his sister. In a battle that followed, a bullet entered the Bible, which was in his side-pocket, and saved his life. He felt the shock, and was bruised, but not otherwise injured. The Bible was sent home to his sister, in Roxbury, and we believe another put in its place. It is gratifying to know, or believe, that no army in the history of the world was ever before provided with so much religious reading and other means of grace.

The Endless Rest.

THERE are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest with him; we shall rest like him. How many of the earth's weary ones are resting in his glorious presence now! It will be undisturbed rest. Here the rest of the body is disturbed by dreams and sometimes by alarms; but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and

remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while, and thou shalt enter into rest.

A Coming Eternity.

AND Paradise, Paradise lost, is awaiting you, and stands before you with unfolded gates; and time hasteneth past, and eternity prepareth itself to roll on forever; and the body loseth its strength for labor, and its relish for sensual things, and both haste to an end; and rest cometh, and refreshment in the presence of God; and every blessing of our first parents, with every superadded blessing which arises from the sense of dangers past, from the glorious knowledge of redeeming love, and from the certainty of salvation, and deliverance, and eternal security.—
IRVING.

Bridging the Stream.

WHEN engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

WHERE IS YOUR HEART?—A real Christian, while on earth, has his affections much in heaven; but were it possible for an unconverted man to be in heaven, his affections would still be set on earth.